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BABYOLATRY.

There must be a strange deficiency, either of heart or head, in the man who can look on a child with indifference or contempt. There is a poetry, a purity, a beauty about childhood, which is in this world perfectly unique; and he who cannot appreciate it, proves that his mental and moral tastes are by no means pure or elevated. Truly has the poet said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy;' and no one can have observed the exuberance of life in a healthy and cheerful child, its eloquent earnestness, the intense emotion beaming from its sparkling eye, its care-unwrinkled brow, its happy to-days and hopeful to-morrows, without feeling the truth of the assertion. Much is there in children calculated to render them the best companions of adults; and far more instruction and improvement may be derived from their lively prattle and pastimes than is generally imagined.

Perhaps it is this exceeding loveliness of children which makes the mind more acutely sensitive to the injudicious treatment of them, by many who are certainly old enough to know better. The thought of what they are in many families gives the greater pain, because it is so readily associated with that of what they might be. Petted, praised, worshipped, thrust upon the notice of every one, as if they could never be sufficiently regarded, these lovely little creatures are made to appear in a most unlovely aspect; and many a family circle is avoided by the intelligent, and those who do not care to be pestered by 'those children,' as they are significantly designated. Pity is it that those who have the care of them should be so injudicious and unwise: pity that little creatures capable of affording so much pleasure should be often rendered so wearisome and annoying.

That parents should love their children, even to excess, is perfectly natural and right; but when they call upon the circle of their acquaintance to worship the little gods and goddesses of their idolatry, they can scarcely wonder if the unreasonable expectation is disappointed. In some families this system of child-worship, or babyolatry, as we have termed it, commences as soon as the child is born. The nurse, who is always officiously ready to act the part of high-priest, thrusts it into your arms, and insists that the child wants to come to you. She asks you in a triumphant tone, that admits of but one answer, if you ever saw a more beautiful babe? and you are denounced as a graceless churl if you do not seize upon the opportunity of praising its every feature. And then how the baby smiles at you! It wants to kiss you, interprets the nurse, and you must kiss the child whether you will or not; nay, if you do not absolutely smother the little innocent with kisses, you are set down as a kind of ogre, a monster without human sympathies, pronounced a hopeless old bachelor, and asked if you positively dislike children. Then you must pass your opinion as to whether its eyes are most like those of papa or mamma, and you must vow that that pretty mouth is the exact counterpart of its mother's. Wo to you if you grow tired of dandling the little pet before nurse is ready to take it from you; wo to you if you manifest the slightest symptom of weariness of the precious charge committed to your keeping; and you are a fortunate man if you are not pressed into the office of godfather, and your purse lightened to make the customary presents entailed upon the office.

This species of babyolatry, however, is harmless and pardonable, compared with the grosser and more pernicious forms of it with respect to children of more advanced age. In one family, you can scarcely sit down before you must see Tom's copy-book, and hear Jane play 'Weber's Last Waltz;' and another fond foolish mother will insist on your staying to see Jem's Christmas letter, after being taught for only one 'half.' 'I see him, sir!' was the irritated answer of the great lexicographer to a foolish father who was fearful the doctor had not observed his lubberly son: and similar is the feeling of many who are continually teased into listening to Norval-spouting boys and Rossini-strumming girls, and compelled to praise what they feel to be an intolerable infliction and nuisance.

For ourselves, so much do we shrink from the annoyances inseparable from the system of babyolatry, that we generally decline an invitation when we have any reason to suppose that the party is got together in honour of some little sucking god or goddess. We were, however, to our great chagrin, entrapped a few weeks since into one of these child-worshipping assemblies, the incidents at which we shall briefly describe.

We had been invited to meet a few friends on the evening alluded to; and not being aware of the interesting fact, that a juvenile birthday was to be celebrated, in unsuspecting ignorance we were punctual to the appointment. It was soon evident, however, for what purpose the circle of a score had been formed; namely, to celebrate the birthday of the eldest Miss Dobbs, who had that day attained the interesting age of five. The company were all assembled, and many and earnest were the inquiries after the little goddess at whose shrine the worshippers were gathered, and who had not yet made her appearance; but mamma informed the company that Miss Wilhelmina would be dressed in a short time, and not without a self-complacent glance at one or two female friends, as if to intimate that their patience would be well repaid.

While Miss Wilhelmina was preparing, however, for her *entrée*, her mamma was retailing to the company her smart sayings: how shrewdly she answered her

brother Tom; how she already knew the Latin for 'mother,' and the French for 'poker;' what a wonderful idea she had of drawing; how she drew papa's likeness while he was asleep, and no bad one either; and what sage observations she made, far beyond her years; winding up her eulogy with a sigh, and pathetically expressing her fear that she should never rear her, for such clever children seldom lived to be old.

After no little whispering, and a thousand anxious inquiries, and mamma had been summoned out of the room at least a score of times in the most mysterious manner, and had as often returned to her seat with looks of no little satisfaction, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open, and little Miss Wilhelmina Dobbs stood before the dazzled eyes of the company. She was in truth a pretty, engaging little creature, but she had been so bedizened for the occasion, that we scarcely recognised her. Her hair, which was very soft and flaxen, was plaited to hang down her back in the Chinese fashion, her pink satin dress stuck out around her like a puckered mushroom, and a blue sash of ample size trailed along the ground. Mamma gazed around upon the company with a self-gratulatory air as her darling appeared, and seemed to triumph in the admiration she fondly anticipated they must feel. Our own honest feelings, however, were too indignant to allow us to praise what we felt deserved nothing but censure; and we could not refrain from contrasting, in our own mind, the little vain creature thus burdened with tinsel and finery, and the laughing child whom we had often seen happily and innocently occupied with her playthings, seeking for no one's applause, and unconscious of any admirers. There she stood, refusing the twenty invitations to sit on the knee of some relative: she could neither move nor sit, 'because,' as she said, 'it will spoil my frock,' upon which her eyes were continually fixed, and which was evidently the all-engrossing object of her thoughts. Several friends who were present, and whom at other times she professed to love dearly, were unnoticed; many even of her little playfellows could scarcely obtain a look of recognition; and even mamma, with all her blind fondness, was compelled to chide the little pet for her inattention.

The ceremonies of the tea-table being over—at which Miss Wilhelmina was allowed to assist herself with cake and muffins so perseveringly, that at last she began to cry and complain of a severe headache—the company formed themselves into twos and threes for conversation, and as there was a pianoforte in the room, and more than one respectable performer present, music was proposed, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of some entertainment more rational and pleasing than what we had hitherto had. Mamma, however, seemed to think this a usurpation of the shrine of the little goddess, and, jealous for the honour of her darling, insisted that the company should hear Miss Wilhelmina sing that beautiful song her governess had taught her. This was the occasion of quite a scene between the mother and her little daughter—the mother protesting that she sung it delightfully, and the child that she had never learned the whole of it. Then followed a series of coaxings and threatenings on the one side, and sobbings and protestations on the other; and at last, after the united beseechings of the company, Miss Wilhelmina was prevailed upon to sit down to the piano. It was quite evident, however, that the poor child, who had received very little instruction in music, was totally unable to go through with her task. She had not proceeded a dozen bars before she stopped short, and protested she did not know any more; and mamma, sullen and vexed at being thus thwarted, threw herself back in her chair, muttering something about 'obstinacy,' 'could if she chose,' and seemingly determined to be throughout the evening pleased with nothing and no one. It was in vain that we tried to converse or to get up a song: now Miss Wilhelmina must dance her hornpipe; now she must hand her copy-book round to the company; now she must talk French to her uncle; in short, everything was secondary and subordinate to Miss Wilhelmina.

It was growing late, and we seized upon a pause in the performances, if we may so speak, of the little actor of the evening to rise and prepare to depart. It was evidently considered very bad to 'break up the company,' as it was termed, at this early hour; and we were assured by mamma, as an inducement to prolong our stay, that her little daughter had not displayed half her acquirements; and we were only allowed to depart after we had again sat down to hear a recitation, which was almost as miserable a failure as the song. We congratulated ourselves, when we had reached the street, on our escape, determined to be on our guard how we exposed ourselves to such annoyances for the future, and more deeply than ever impressed with the conviction, that the most amiable children may be rendered sad nuisances by parental folly and injudicious treatment, and that it is the duty of parents, while they love as fathers and mothers, not to forget to act as reasonable men and women, nor suffer their fondness for their children to degenerate into a blind and stupid babyolatry.

CROMWELL IN SCOTLAND.

Our notices of Mr Carlyle's book, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, were, for lack of space, broken off at his expedition for the reduction of Ireland, which took place in 1649. Some weeks having elapsed since the appearance of those papers, a recurrence to the subject may not be tiresome to our readers, for the purpose of tracing Cromwell's career in Scotland.

It was verily a strange war that which our poor northern country chose to raise against the English Commonwealth in 1650. Sincere all along in seeking its one prime object, the establishment of the Presbyterian system, in Scotland at least, but, if possible, in England also, the Scotch were at the same time royalists after a manner; that is, they desired a king who would covenant with them for a Presbyterian church, and, in hope of obtaining this, maintained loyalty as an abstract principle in the meantime. They now, therefore, disagreed with the ruling party in England, both as being monarchists instead of republicans, and Presbyterians instead of Independents or sectaries. At the same time, they had a struggle to maintain with a party in their own country, who were loyalists or cavaliers without regard to religious matters, or with a leaning to Episcopacy or to Romanism; and, what was worst of all, the sample of royalty round which they had to rally was a person utterly disaffected to their views, or who only would pretend to conform to these for the purpose of gaining an ulterior end: it was, in short, Charles II., now a youth under twenty, entirely in the hands of debauchee malignants—that is, royalists. It is this strange mesh of opposite and incoherent principles which gives Cromwell's war in Scotland such a curious interest. A gallant thing it certainly was for a weak little country to stand up against a great one in such a contest, braving even the horrors which they had seen Cromwell enact in Ireland the preceding year, daring everything for the sake of their two principles, for the present incompatible—royalty and presbytery. Pity to see so much gallantry thrown away merely on account of that most insurmountable of all obstructions—a thoroughly false position.

With vast difficulty, and after much negotiation, the Scotch induced the young reckless Stuart to sign their covenant, and then he was brought to Scotland and set up as a puppet king, the real power remaining with the insurrectionary juntas, called the Committee of Estates and the Commission of the Kirk. What a mutual deception and self-deception! They satisfied merely to have a signature from the pretended king, though all his acts spoke of unmitigated cavalierism—be glad to get foot set in his dominions, on conditions which made him the meanest slave within their boundaries. It was necessary that Cromwell should immediately come in to settle

this irreducible case, as Mr Carlyle calls it. At the close of June (1650), he set out for the north with an army of about twenty thousand men—a common number for armies to consist of in those days—and on the 22d July he entered Scotland. Just before doing so, we find the iron general obliged to write sorrowfully to his son's father-in-law, Mayor, respecting that son's idle and extravagant life. 'I beseech you call upon him,' says the vexed father; 'I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. *I need pity.* I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after: I should have no comfort in mine, but that my hope is in the Lord's presence.' It is touching to hear these moans from the spirit of a man who to the world appeared as riding high in a position of great glory. Yet immediately thereafter something droll occurs. While lying at Mordington House, near Berwick, some of the officers, including the general, hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of the windows. 'They spied,' says Whitlocke, 'a soldier with a Scotch kirn (churn) on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth; but another canting it up, it falls over his head, and the man is lost in it—all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the officers: as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

Cromwell, advancing into the country, found it in a great measure desolated, and that a good army lay posted very strongly between Edinburgh and Leith to oppose his further progress. Their policy was to weary and starve him out; and it had nearly proved effectual. Meanwhile, declarations and counter-declarations, exhibiting their contending principles, issued from both parties. Cromwell accuses the kirk commissioners of concealing his papers from their people, and adds, 'Send as many of your papers as you please amongst ours: they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!' Then he says, 'I am persuaded that divers of you who lead the people, have laboured to build yourselves in these things [king and covenant]; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the word of God all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken.... There may be a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness; there may be a covenant made with death and hell!' There is signal power in the language of Cromwell at this crisis: hear again what he sent from his camp near the Pentland Hills, in answer to a declaration from the kirk, indorsed by the states:—'But that, under the pretence of the covenant, mistaken and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a king should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this "be" called "the cause of God and the kingdom;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's people in both nations," as is alleged—together with a disowning of malignants; although he who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who at this very instant hath a Popish army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now at the head of our ships, stolen from us upon a malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the malignants in England, to raise armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose. How the "godly" interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the malignant interests in their ends and consequences "all" centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an "espousing of a malignant party's quarrel or interest," but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the cause of God and the kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say; how this should be "for the security and satisfaction of God's people in both nations," or "how" the opposing of this should render us enemies to the godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your kirk and state with your king.' The advantage which Cromwell had in the clearness of his position over the Scotch, with their 'irreducible case,' is here remarkably shown.

After several weeks had been spent in vain skirmishes (in most of which, however, the English were victors), Cromwell was obliged, by want of provisions and by sickness, to draw back to Dunbar, whither the Scotch followed him. Here, with a reduced and sickened army, he was sadly hemmed in by the goodly host of the enemy, lying upon the slopes of the celebrated Doon Hill, all the passes into England closed against him. It was a terrible strait; but his genius broke through it. On the evening of the 2d September, walking in the garden of Broxburn House, near Dunbar (his quarters for the time), the English general observed the Scotch descending towards him, presenting their right wing to his position, while the bulk of their army took ground behind, between the hill and the deep-cut channel of the rivulet Brock. Mr Carlyle doubts the famous story of the clergymen having urged General Lesley to this course against his will: he rather attributes it to the discomfort of a bivouac in bad weather on that hill overlooking the sea. However it was, Cromwell instantly perceived the advantage of bringing his whole force on the right wing of the Scotch, trusting to throw it back upon their foot, and thus produce their destruction. Next morning, before sunrise, it was done. Mr Carlyle's description of the battle is uncommonly animated:—

'We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad; all else asleep but we—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

'Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a major-general say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my pudding-headed Yorkshire friend [a private chronicler named Hodgson, whom Mr Carlyle chooses to describe by this phrase] that his regiment must mount and march straightway: his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all are beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a cornet praying in the night;" a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void heaven, before battle joined. Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this cornet prayed with such effusion, as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance! The moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

'And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here. He is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver, occasionally in Hodgson's

hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots, too, on this wing are awake, thinking to surprise us. There is their trumpet sounding—we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord-General is impatient: behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangor Night's silence: the cannons awaken along all the line: "The Lord of Hosts!—the Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones; on!

'The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire from field-pieces, snap-hances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main battle across the Brock: poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the rivulet—back a little: but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn: and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above three thousand killed upon the place. "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded: Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St Abb's Head and the German Ocean just then bursts the first gleam of the level sun upon us; and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

'Even so. The Scotch army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes, in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar: the chase goes as far as Haddington, led by Hacker. "The Lord-General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the hundred-and-seventeenth psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth psalm at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:—

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
His name to magnify.

For great to us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore:
The Lord O do ye bless.

And now to the chase again.

'The prisoners are ten thousand -all the foot in a mass. Many dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see printed lists—full of blunders.'

The day after all this we have Cromwell writing to his son's father-in-law—'I pray tell Doll [his son's wife] I do not forget her nor her little brat.' He is curious to know if she is likely to bring him a second grandchild, while perhaps busied with the disposal of the ten thousand prisoners, many of whom have to face slavery in the Bermudas.

The affair at Dunbar broke the prime strength of the Scotch: it gave the capital to Cromwell; but they could still make a stout front for the young king, by taking in the less pure Presbyterians and the king's more immediate friends. The English general addressed himself to the siege of Edinburgh castle; but first, finding the city clergy secluded there, he invited them to come out and minister to their flocks. This gave rise to a curious correspondence through the medium of the governor, Dundas. Their answer was, 'that though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering, so they may fulfil their ministry with joy, yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your party upon the ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Scotland since your unjust invasion thereof, and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither, they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.' Cromwell told them in reply, that 'if their Master's service were chiefly in their eye,' they would less fear suffering. 'The ministers in England,' he said, 'are supported, and have liberty to preach the gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof, to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they please.' As to the unjust invasion they spoke of, time was when a Scotch army invaded England: on the reasons of it, 'the Lord hath heard us, though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.' Finally, the Lord's hiding his face from the so-called sons of Jacob is no wonder, 'when he hath lifted up his hand so eminently against a family so often as he hath done against this [the Stuarts], and men will not see his hand.' The Scotch clergy, says Mr Carlyle, never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination!

They returned, however, to the charge. It could be no imaginary fear of suffering when so many ministers were deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, and forced to flee. It savoured not of liberty to preach the gospel, when the preachers were forbidden to speak against the sins and enormities of civil powers. And as to the 'solemn appeal,' 'they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their cause upon events.' So it was in brief.

Cromwell, because he was 'at some reasonable leisure,' again replied, and at considerable length, defending himself first as to his concern with their covenant. 'If these gentlemen,' he says, 'do assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the covenant, as they do too much to their auditories "to be the infallible expositors" of the Scriptures "also," counting a different sense and judgment from theirs breach of covenant and heresy—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences whether any "person" trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the infallible chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto [the Pope] do more than this?'

The other defences can find no room here. At last he comes to the solemn appeal:—'Did you not,' he says, 'solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of his; instead of slightly calling it an "event?" Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way he would manifest himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.' More there is to the like purpose; all insufficient, however, to convince men in their position. With one sulky rejoinder, the correspondence closed. Cromwell soon after reduced the castle by force.

The war was kept up, but with little action, for nearly a twelvemonth. The English commander acted with humanity in his general dealings with Scotland, mourning all the time the obduracy which had beset men whose religious feelings he knew how to honour. He even succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of several of the more sincere people: some became sensible of the absurdity of fighting for an idea of loyalty with such a special object as the young king before them. While the final event was pending, about the 1st of May 1651, Cromwell chanced, on his way to the west, to pass the old house of Allantoun, and there inquired for a guide. This place is now a pattern of sylvan beauty, through the tasteful exertions of the late proprietor, Sir Henry

Steuart. It was then, Mr Carlyle thinks, a lean, turreted, angry, old stone house, standing in some green place in the alluvial hollows of the Aughter Burn or its tributaries. [He is quite wrong in his description; but this is no matter.] The then Sir Walter Steuart, being a loyal Covenanter, had fled, and none were in the house but his lady and one invalid son, who was afterwards, for a reason to be detailed, called the Captain of Allantoun. To pursue the narrative of a gentleman of an ensuing generation (*Coltness Collections*)—'He [Cromwell] found the road through Auchtermuir not practicable for carriages; and upon his return, he called in at Sir Walter's house. There was none to entertain him but the lady and Sir Walter's sickly son. The good woman was as much for the king and royal family as her husband; but she offered the general the civilities of her house, and a glass of canary was presented. The general observed the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round; he drank his good wishes for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say his mother was a Stewart's daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little captain;" and this was all the commission our captain of Allantoun ever had.

'The general called for some of his own wines for himself and other officers, and would have the lady try his wine; and was so humane, when he saw the young gentleman so *maigre* and indisposed, he said changing the climate might do good, and the south of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this, hasted on his return to join the army. The lady had been a strenuous royalist, and her son a captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the general she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times.'

At length the war was brought to a close in an unexpected manner. The Scottish army, having its supplies from the north cut off by Cromwell taking possession of Perth, decamped from Stirling, and entered England, where it was expected many royalists would join them. Cromwell pursued in hot haste: they got no accessions—took possession of Worcester, and there were crushed to pieces on the anniversary of the fight at Dunbar. The consequence was, the reduction of the kingdom of Scotland to the English Commonwealth.

'SKETCHES FROM FLEMISH LIFE.'

A NEAT volume, illustrated with a large number of spirited wood-engravings, has lately appeared under this title, purporting to be translations from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience.* Amongst the few authors who write in their native Flemish tongue, Conscience, we are informed, holds a prominent position. 'A fiery patriot,' observes his translator, 'who delights in the great performances of his forefathers; an ardent admirer of his own native idiom, to elevate which he devotes the energy of his powerful mind, and the effusions of his rich poetical vein: he bears a glowing hatred to the French refinement and language, which have kept his beloved country in disgraceful subserviency and mental bondage.'

In his wish to disengage his countrymen from the ascendancy of the Celts, as he does not hesitate to call the French, Mynheer Conscience spares no kind of ridicule; and in describing the sorrows which afflict families overcome by the Gallophobia, he touches pathetically on a simple state of manners which, he says, is fast disappearing in Flanders. On this account the book may be viewed as a curious, if not melancholy revelation of patriotic feeling. Belgium, though politically independent, is socially only a fragment of France. As every one who has visited it must be aware, it is overrun with French manners, language, literature, and theatricals. Nor do we see how such a catastrophe could have been averted: we fear not by the occasional publication of a few stories such as the present, much as these tend to unmask vice and folly, and inculcate the more kindly and domestic affections. Deeply appreciating, however, the principles which have guided Conscience in his exertions, we trust that he will not be altogether unsuccessful; and that if his countrymen do permanently adopt a language and literature which he seems to detest, they will at least repudiate the manners and morals which too frequently accompany them. Conscience thus commences his tale of *Siska van Roosemael*:—

'Not many years ago you might have seen, in one of the streets behind the green churchyard of Antwerp, a famous old grocer's shop, which, through many generations, had descended from father to son, and always been conspicuous for good wares.' The last occupants of the establishment were James Van Roosemael and his wife Siska. Trained from early youth to a life of industry, this wedded pair 'had never found time to take part in the progress of modern civilisation; or, in other words, to *Frenchify* themselves. Their dress, made of stout cloth, was plain, and hardly ever changed its cut; they merely distinguished working-dress, Sunday-dress, and Easter-dress. The latter was never taken from the cupboard but on the great holidays, or when the Van Roosemaels took the holy communion, or were invited by friends as god-parents or marriage guests. It was easily to be seen that these simple people of the old Flemish world, in their quaint though goodly attire, looked rather strangely if compared with many a beau who, for a few francs, had decked himself out in a fine showy dress, and would, in passing, regard the Van Roosemaels with disdain. But they did not mind it, and thought, "Every man has his own point to gain—you the shadow, we the substance." They were sufficiently uneducated not to know that gentlefolks do not dine at noon, and they therefore were vulgar enough to sit down to dinner when the clock struck twelve; yea more, they never forgot to say grace both before and after dinner. But there were other imperfections with which they might also be charged: for instance, they did not understand a word of French, and had never felt the want of this accomplishment: they were religious, industrious, humble, and, above all, peaceable.

'The old Van Roosemaels had a young daughter called Siska, after her mother, of the age of fifteen, tall and slender for her years, with handsome figure and features, fair hair and blue eyes—a genuine, charming Brabantish child. She had been educated at a common town school, knew her native language, besides arithmetic, and all that sort of work which a good burgher's wife ought to understand, if it be only to know something more about domestic management than her servant. Like her parents, she was simple, pious, obedient, affectionate; not boisterous, idle, or self-willed, but in every way calculated to maintain, with the man she should marry, the honour and renown of the house of her ancestors, and to carry on the famous grocery shop.'

This happy old-fashioned concern was at length blown up by a distressing family disaster. In the neighbourhood of Roosemael's shop lived a master shoemaker, named Spinael, who became afflicted with a taste for French manners, knocked his two street windows into one large showy front, and stuck up a variety of lying announcements of his wares in French—'*Magasin de Bottes et Souliers de Paris*' (Depôt of Paris Boots and Shoes), '*Veritable Cirage Anglais*' (Genuine English Blacking), and so forth. A change so contrary to old prejudices shocked Roosemael, who was sorry to find that Siska had become an admiring acquaintance of Spinael's daughter, Therese, just returned from a French pension or boarding-school. Anxious to emu-

* London: Longman and Company. 1846.

late Therese in her accomplishments, Siska was desirous of proceeding to the same pension; a thing her mother sillily encouraged, but which Van Roosemael loudly protested against. A discussion ensues, in which Dr Pelkmans, the physician and friend of the family, is consulted.

'"I know very well," said Mrs Van Roosemael, "that you bear a great hatred to everything French; but we are of the old world, friend. It wont do now-a-days."

"Mrs Van Roosemael," said the doctor, "you wont understand me. It is not my intention to hinder anybody from acquiring foreign languages: this you may see in the case of my own son Lewis, who is now at the university. Does he not understand French? I should say so; and a good deal better than the young ignoramuses who turn Therese Spinael's head, and dazzle your eyes so very much. Do not look at me, madam, with such an air of defiance. Yes, they are ignoramuses; for what does their knowledge consist in? Some French sentences picked up in the street, which they often bungle lamentably enough. They do not know their native language; and they are ignorant of the very names of the most useful sciences. All their learning consists in French wind; in words and phrases which they now and then pick up in newspapers and novels. These they concoct into empty idle talk, and palm it on the uninformed for French cultivation. But you really make me quite angry; we are wandering from the point. Let us come to an understanding. I will tell you, and mark my words! There are no doubt good educational establishments, but there are far more bad than good ones. The good ones are those conducted by ladies, who, conscious of the holiness of their calling, have a better end in view than to give to their charges a shining worldly varnish, at the expense of their piety and morals; where the teachers assiduously co-operate and watch incessantly to guard against the poison of temptation, and to combat vanity and frivolity; where there is a due appreciation of the good qualities that have their root in a patriotic sentiment, and a perception of the danger of giving up this pure ground to foreign influence; in a word, where they do not wish to form fashionable ladies, but good and useful housewives. If you should now propose to send your Siska to such an establishment, I should be the last to object; on the contrary, I should be very glad of it."'

Prompted by this reasonable advice, the father gives permission that his daughter shall go to one of the establishments recommended by Dr Pelkmans; but in the end, the mother and daughter bring matters to a different point. Siska is sent to the fashionable French pension which had turned out the accomplished Mademoiselle Spinael. One of the first things which she effected in the way of personal improvement in this school of manners, was the changing of her name to Eudoxie, as being more elegant than Siska; but this, which was communicated to her mother by letter, could not yet be mentioned to the father, for fear of the consequences. In her schoolfellows she had a hundred teachers, who, by precept and example, 'instructed her in the precious arts of indolence and luxury. The first month, she had a silk gown in the newest fashion; the second, a silk bonnet with flowers; the third, a parasol; the fourth, a gown that exposed her neck; in the fifth she began to use pomatum and the milk of almonds, and kept a small box, wherein she now and then dipped her fingers, to tinge her blooming cheeks with shameless rouge, merely to try how it would look. Was not this a respectable education befitting a burgher's daughter? No doubt it was!'

While Siska was in the course of demoralisation at the distant pension, Van Roosemael is shocked to learn that his neighbour Spinael, for whom he had once entertained some regard, was utterly ruined by the young would-be-French gentlemen who frequented his shop; they had, with all their friendship for Spinael and his family, very rarely paid their debts; and at the close of each theatrical season, the comedians 'bolted,' well provided with unpaid-for boots and shoes. To make matters worse, the Flemish customers had forgotten the way to his gaudy shop: in a word, he was a ruined man, while the behaviour of his daughter had almost broken his heart.

Alarmed with the fate of his unfortunate neighbour, father Van Roosemael now insists on recalling his daughter; and Siska is accordingly ordered home. The mother, anxious to see her child, hastens to the railway terminus to receive her. She scrutinises different females who pass by; all the omnibuses have departed for the town, and all is silence around.

'Mother Van Roosemael sees the gates close; deep sorrow is swelling her heart; a painful sigh escapes from her bosom; she has not seen her dear Siska: still she remains, as if a secret power fixed her to the gate; and long would she perhaps have remained there, lost in sad meditation, if she had not seen at a little distance a young lady standing near a cab, in the attitude of one who was waiting for somebody. Could she be her Siska? Impossible! She is a young lady of quality; her splendid silk gown leaves bare a great part of her neck; a gauze shawl, to be sure, seems intended to cover, but does not conceal it; at each movement long ringlets are dancing round her cheeks; from her costly bonnet a grand plume of feathers is waving; her hand holds a pretty little parasol; a score of boxes, of various shapes and sizes, and two large trunks, are piled at her feet. That is not Siska!

'Such are the observations which Mother Van Roosemael is making, and the thought that creeps into her afflicted mind. Suddenly the young lady makes a sign of impatience in the direction of the matron, and, in doing so, shows her features more distinctly. Yes, it is Siska: and look! the old stiff mother jumps towards her like a young girl; tears gush from her eyes, a smile brightens her features, she opens her arms, and ejaculates with touching joy, "Oh, Siska, my child!"

'But it seems that the young lady is ashamed of the name Siska: she blushes. But the blush soon passes over, and she takes two steps up to her mother, who tries to throw both arms round the neck of her child. But see! the Frenchified daughter will not make a scene for the spectators; she seizes the hands of her mother, holds them, and by this means prevents the embrace. Then she says, "Good-day, mamma; how do you do? and how is papa? Take care, you will tread upon my boxes. I have been waiting here for you the last half hour."

'Under different circumstances, such frigid, heartless words might have passed unnoticed; but in the present moment they pierced, like so many daggers, the loving heart of the mother. And was this, in truth, the language she was entitled to expect from her Siska after a separation of a whole year? Not a single kiss, not one pressure of the hand for her who, to comply with Siska's will, had for three long years lived in discord with her good husband?—for her who had founded all her hopes on the love of her only child? How must this formal behaviour have pained her! The poor old lady with both hands covered her eyes, and burst into bitter tears!'

'In going into the town, a young gentleman [the dressed-up idle son of an old barber] addressed Siska with smiling face, and with such an air of intimacy, that one might have thought they were brother and sister. Mrs Van Roosemael opened her eyes as wide as possible, to see if she could recognise the young man: in vain—she never had seen him before. But he was not at all disconcerted by the piercing glance of the mother, but stepped close up to Siska, and said, with pinched lips, in French, "Ah! bon jour, Mademoiselle Eudoxie! So you have left the pension? Antwerp will now have the felicity of possessing so bewitching a creature within its walls! Verily, a precious gain for us poor young men, who are bemoaning the scarcity of such a union of attractions!" On this, Siska, casting a loving glance upon him from beneath her eyelashes, and at the same time assuming an appearance of confusion, replied, "You are in jest, Mr George! But how is your sister Clotilda?" "Oh, very well indeed," said the young gentleman with a great deal of indifference; then, with an ironical expression in his features, and pointing to the old lady, he said, "Is this your servant?"

'This question made Siska colour all over. She was ashamed of her good mother, the Frenchified doll! Her confusion lasted some time; and at last, with great embarrassment and unwillingness, she replied, "No; she is my mother!"

"Ah! indeed!" the young man exclaimed; and, turning to the mother, he bowed stiffly, and said, "Will you permit me to make you my compliments, Madame Van Rosmal? You have got a charming daughter!"

'The old lady did not understand him, but she saw clearly enough what was going on, and that she was the subject of his impudent mockery. She nevertheless returned his bow by a movement of her head. The young man took his leave, with these words to Siska, "Poor woman! she is quite right in sheltering you under her wide cloak. There are so many of us who have a great mind to steal you. *Au revoir, Mademoiselle Eudoxie!*"'

The anxious mother was bewildered with sad forebodings as she took her way homewards with her daughter. Van Roosemael was busy grinding coffee when Siska entered the shop, and, as no stranger's eyes were present, she did not disdain to show some mark of affection.

'An hour afterwards, the young lady had locked herself up in her own room, and was busily employed in unpacking her many bonnets and dresses, arranging her pomatum pots and scent bottles, and papering her curls—her voice all the time resounding through the house with a French song. The father stood confused behind his counter; his right hand rested on the handle of the coffee-mill, and with the left he scratched his head, like a helpless man; his eyes stared vacantly into the shop; painful reflections engrossed his mind. He, too, thought of Therese Spinael, and murmured from time to time, "What an ass I have been! I had better have broken the head of my obstinate wife! Dr Pelkmans spoke the truth when he said that I would one day scratch my head. But complaints are of no avail now; they are bad plasters for death!" The state of the poor mother was a wretched one: tortured by fears, anxieties, and pangs of conscience, she sat in a half-dark corner of her kitchen, and shed bitter tears, proportionate to her gloomy thoughts.'

The author's description of the domestic and commercial changes effected in the establishment of the Van Roosemaels by the refined daughter, is at once serio-comic and highly natural.

'From the first day of her return to the paternal roof, Siska criticised and found fault with everything under it. All that her good parents did, she found vulgar and improper; and as she was well versed in all the tricks and arts of dissimulation, she moulded and bent the will of her parents like softened wax.

'How could she dine at three o'clock? Had she the stomach of a peasant? At this declaration the father grew angry, the mother grieved, because all their lifetime they had dined at this their wonted hour, and were afraid of a change which would entirely upset their arrangements for the day. Siska became sulky, and looked sour; but there was no help for it. Her father showed himself inexorable on this matter. Siska wept until her eyes were red; this, too, was of no avail, although the fond mother, from mere pity, now supported her. Then Siska began to swoon; she fell into violent hysterics, and behaved as though about to leave the world. A Frenchified physician, expert in the capricious maladies of highly-educated ladies, knew how to narrate so many horrors, caused by exciting the weak nerves of the female sex, that the frightened parents at last resolved to change their hour of dining. Often did they now endure craving hunger, as, regularly rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, they had to pass so many hours, whilst the lazy, comfort-loving Siska, never made her appearance before nine o'clock.

'And then the kitchen—what miserable cookery! Nothing but potatoes, and cabbage, and beef boiled or roast: always the same. Siska, of late, feels so very weak, so very poorly! She must have a pigeon or a roast fowl; such things will be a relish, and agree better with her. Her pockets are always full of peppermint and lemon lozenges; and not without reason, for the poor child has got so many different aches—stomach-ache, heart-ache, head-ache, nervous-ache, ache everywhere. Alas, poor Siska!

'And see! she has forced her mother to exchange her laced cap for a silk bonnet, and to wear lace-boots, otherwise she must decline showing herself anywhere with her in public. But how unhappy Mother Van Roosemael looks in her new head-dress! It frets her ears perpetually, for she is not accustomed to the rustling of the stiff bonnet lining; and more than this, she can scarce advance three steps without making movements with her lace-boots like one entangled in a noose, so averse are the laces to make acquaintance with her feet. Poor woman! her neighbours laugh while she is perspiring from vexation, and for very shame could sink into the earth. But forget not the beautiful source of her patience; it is the mother's love enduring all things for her child.'

Siska had more difficulty in revolutionising the old-fashioned shop.

'Behind the counter Van Roosemael had grown up; yonder the chair stood upon which his mother had nursed him; that gaily-painted jar, and that japanned box, he had smiled at before he could speak. There was no crack, no mark, which did not awaken some fond juvenile recollections. With regard to that broken china pot, his father had given it to him a day before his death, with so striking an admonition on economy, that it was even now indelibly impressed on his memory. The black spots on that green cask yonder came from his own little hands, because that was the cask from which his mother had frequently given him a piece of sugar; and the child, therefore, had been in the habit of patting and caressing it. Yonder, on that table, the initials "J. S." are cut; they mean John and Siska, and are in commemoration of his first and only love. In short, this shop was the place of his birth—his world; everything in it was a part of himself, of his very life.'

Twelve months of remonstrances, tears, and sulkiness, bring old Van Roosemael to reason. Like a beaten soldier, he retreats, and leaves Siska the field. What a moment for the old Fleming when he uttered the words, 'Well, then, have your will!'

'But these words—like his own sentence of death—pierced him to the heart, and broke up both mind and body. He began to pine away, became pale and weak, and was apparently tottering into his grave from some unknown disease. Siska often shook like a willow when the flashing eye of her old father caught her own. But he did not speak—the broken-hearted man; he stared motionless at the workmen who were busy knocking the old shop down. All his dearest recollections he saw destroyed; and in proportion as they were vanishing under the brush of the painter, his breath and his life grew shorter. The simple shop was very soon transformed into a magnificent warehouse; everything glittered with gilding and varnish; the counter was ornamented with little angels that ground coffee, smoked cigars, or weighed tobacco; the window-panes were as large as mirrors, and covered with French inscriptions, lighted with bright gas-lamps. A shopman and an assistant stood behind the counter with folded arms; and Siska, or rather Mademoiselle Eudoxie Van Rosmal, sat on a little elevation near the window, and read French novels.'

Alas for the conclusion of this melancholy struggle! Van Roosemael, broken-hearted, takes to bed, and is at the point of death; and good Dr Pelkmans, roused to indignation by the illness of his friend, horrifies the degenerate daughter by the exclamation that her father is dying, and that she alone has murdered him. The closing scene of the dying grocer brings out the author's powers in the pathetic, in which he seems to excel as well as in the ludicrous. But this we must necessarily pass over, and likewise the account of the deep contrition of both mother and daughter. The shop of a hundred years' standing, long the nestling-place of the Van Roosemaels, was shut up.

'I venture to hope, indulgent reader,' adds Hendrik Conscience in conclusion, 'that this true narrative may have engaged your attention; and you are perhaps anxious to see Siska? Well, then, if such be your desire, go on a Friday morning, at about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later, to the church of the Dominicans; open the door on the right, and walk through the old churchyard as far as the Mount Calvary and the vaults where are represented the torments of the souls in purgatory. There you will see a young woman kneeling, wrapped in a dark cloak, and her face covered by a veil. If you look attentively, you will observe the beads of a rosary gliding through her fingers, and now and then hear a sigh rising from under the veil as from a contrite spirit. She kneels, however, motionless, and, in the twilight of the chapel, will appear to you like a statue. If, then, you see her rising and pressing a fervent kiss upon the hand of the beseeching image of a tormented sinner that is placed there, and slowly leaving the vaults without having observed you, then you may boldly assert that you saw Siska Van Roosemael.'

Considering this work to be an agreeable accession to English literature, we shall be glad to see other productions by the same author, and from the pen of the same able translator. Few volumes are more worthy of being laid on the parlour-table than the Flemish Sketches of Hendrik Conscience.

A GLANCE AT ASSOCIATIONS.

We are not aware how constantly we are influenced by association of ideas. When we reflect on the subject, it is surprising to find how it pervades the most trifling conversation. Absent objects are continually associated with present ones, and animate with inanimate, so that a phraseology has actually been established which is in the mouth of every one. Thus we say of an unfeeling person, that his heart is as hard as a stone; of a tall awkward girl, that she is quite a Maypole of a girl; of a stupid man, that he is wooden-headed; and of a violent one, that he is a firebrand: but the examples are innumerable which are every moment used in common parlance.

Every one has felt how intimately connected with the warmest emotions of the mind those objects are which gave delight in early youth. How often has a tuft of primroses, or a hawthorn hedge, awakened recollections that had long slumbered in the hidden recesses of the heart, and called forth a sigh for the raptures of childhood and all its innocent pleasures! How vividly are the feelings excited by some object closely associated in the mind with the memory of the absent or the dead! How fondly the affections and the sympathies—turning from a world all too cold—gush forth, as it were, to meet a responsive feeling in some oft-frequented haunt, or to catch the tenderness of some loving heart in a well-known melody! Home—the love of which may be said to be inherent in our very nature—is so intimately associated in our imaginations with all the dear domestic ties and charities of life, that however rugged and rude it may be, it has charms for us which the most favoured spot could never boast, and that not only when all who made it dear are still its inmates, but even when they are removed by distance or by death.

The effect of music is so great, so powerfully associated with every feeling, whether gay or sad, despondng or triumphant, that it would be almost superfluous to dwell upon the many instances recorded of its influence. We have but to call to mind the extraordinary effect of the Jacobite airs, so associated with the cause in which they had been such powerful agents, that even still they make the blood to tingle and the heart to throb; and that enthusiasm which flew like the electric spark through every rank whenever the Marseilloise hymn was heard—a whole audience rising simultaneously, and, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and gestures of devotion, joining heart and voice in the national anthem—or, whenever it was struck up by the military bands, regiments of soldiers dropping on their knees, as it were solemnly devoting themselves to the cause in which they were engaged. Who has not heard of the effect of the Ranz des Vaches, so dear to every Swiss? It is so great, that the commanders of those regiments who served abroad were often obliged to forbid its being played, under the severest penalties: the poor soldiers, when they heard it, would melt into tears; many deserted, while others fell sick, and some would pine away, and die of the *maladie du pais*. This simple wild air was so associated with their native valleys, and their mountains, and their rocks, and all the sweet echoes of home, and the affections that had hallowed it, that an irresistible impulse to return would seize them, and tempt them, in defiance of danger, to desert their ranks, or would sap the very springs of life, and send them broken-hearted to the grave.

In all the variety of associations, there is nothing more remarkable than the deep hold which objects, in themselves utterly insignificant, take of the affections. I know a widow lady, whose only child fell sick of a fever; her case was pronounced by the physicians to be hopeless, and her death was every moment expected. The disconsolate mother watched by her bedside in an agony of grief, and she felt her heart die within her as she saw the child picking at the bedclothes, which is considered a most fatal symptom; but what was her surprise when she saw the little creature, who had seemed in a state of stupefaction for hours, raise her hand, and display between her finger and thumb a small feather, which had worked through the pillow, and heard her say, 'Mamma, look at the pretty feather!' The poor mother's heart bounded with hope and thankfulness: from that moment the complaint took a favourable turn, and the little invalid recovered. Among all the relics of former days, nothing was more fondly treasured than that little feather. Years and years have rolled away since it was first consigned to her pocket-book; but who could number the times when it has been taken out, and gazed on with delight! To this day the tears of gratitude and affection are often shed over it.

Doctor H—— was devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, but in his hours of relaxation he used to amuse himself with his little grandchild, on whom he doted. He would often carry her in his arms to look out of his study window; the favourite would run her tiny fingers along the panes of glass, which bore the traces long after the little creature fell sick and died. The grandfather was often observed to saunter to the window, and stand there in a deep reverie. One morning, on entering the room, he found the servant had gained admittance before him, and discovered him busily engaged in cleaning the window. The marks of the little fingers were gone. A violent burst of agonized feeling showed plainly how fondly they had been associated with the memory of the dear child in the heart of the poor old man.

Perhaps the most extraordinary effect of association may be that in which blemishes are made to hold the place of charms; and what is positively unpleasant, becomes, by its magical influence, agreeable. I have known people like a lisp or a stoop, because some whom they had admired had happened to stoop or lisp. Descartes mentions that he had all his life a partiality for persons who squinted, from having, when a boy, been fond of a girl who had this defect. I remember a little boy who preferred the odour of rancid oil to any perfume, from the simple reason of its having happened to be made use of in the exhibition of a magic lantern, in which he took extreme delight.

The associations which attach to particular places, or to articles of furniture, which seem to be apart from any fond recollection, are mysteries in our nature for which it would be difficult to account. Locke tells us of a young man who danced extremely well in the room with a certain trunk, but could not dance at all in one where it was not. I have heard of a gentleman, remarkable for his convivial talents, who lost all power of entertaining if placed in a different seat at table from his usual one. Guests were invited on one occasion, that they might be gratified by his sallies of pleasantry; but unfortunately his chair was occupied by another, and he remained silent and reserved, to the disappointment of the company.

Certain tricks are strangely associated with the powers of memory and mental exertion. In the Tatler, it is told that a lawyer was in the habit of twisting a piece of pack-thread round his finger while pleading, which was aptly called by some one the thread of his discourse. A client of his stole it from him, to see how he would get on without it: he was punished for his rash experiment—the lawyer hesitated—could not go on—and the cause was lost. Haydn wore a ring which had been presented to him by Frederick II., but if he accidentally forgot to put it on, it is said that the gifted musician lost all his inspiration, and that, if seated at the instrument, he could not summon a single original idea. I am acquainted with a barrister remarkable for

oratorical powers of the highest order, who finds it absolutely indispensable that he should wield an open penknife in his hand all the time he speaks, which he holds behind his back, and twirls with a rapidity and dexterity which could not be imitated without the risk of severe injury. There is scarcely any one who cannot call to mind in some friend or acquaintance an instance of this strange vagary of the mind. Among many which press upon my recollection, I will satisfy myself with mentioning the curious case of Blind Alick of Stirling, with which, indeed, many are probably familiar. His memory was truly astonishing: in his childhood he had attended a school where the only class-book read was the Bible: from the sad privation of sight, it might naturally have been concluded that poor Alick was incapable of reaping the same benefit from instruction which his schoolfellows did: as the scholars read in rotation, it was customary for them not only to repeat the number of the chapter, but also that of each verse. After poor Alick grew up, he was obliged to support himself by begging through the streets, as he had lost his parents, and his misfortune deprived him of the power of working for his bread. The extent of his memory was such, that he was looked on as a wonder: he had the whole of the Old and New Testament off by heart: if a verse were repeated to him, he could tell its number, and in what chapter it was to be found; if the number of a particular verse in a certain chapter were named, he could repeat it without a moment's hesitation; if he heard a sermon or a speech, he could go over it with an accuracy that surprised every one. It was at length observed that Alick, on leaving home every morning, locked the door and carried the key in his hand, which he kept constantly rubbing up and down as he replied to the questions put to him. One day it was stolen from him: the effect of the experiment was, that he hesitated, became confused, and his memory failed him altogether.

VISIT TO SOUTH-WESTERN AFRICA.

In the spring of 1841, Mr Dos Santos, the Portuguese consul-general in Altona, fitted out a commercial expedition, consisting of six vessels, laden with European goods of all kinds, which he proposed to conduct in person to the coast of Angola, for the purpose of carrying on a trade by barter. He was led to this enterprise by the successful result of a minor speculation which he had some years before committed to the charge of a supercargo—very naturally concluding that a larger affair under his own immediate superintendence would be attended with proportionate returns. The expedition, though simply that of a merchant, was equipped with princely munificence; everything that could conduce to the comfort of so long a voyage being provided on board of all the vessels. A well-selected library, a band of musicians, two naturalists, and a physician, completed the equipment of the flotilla, which cleared the bar of the Elbe on the 30th of June 1841. Unfortunately, many of those who that morning left their native river, looking hopefully to the future, were destined never to return—Mr Dos Santos, the two naturalists, and many of the crews, having at an early stage of the enterprise fallen victims to the inhospitable climate of Africa. This untoward event so embarrassed the future procedure of the expedition, and damped the ardour of the survivors, that, leaving their task unfinished, they hastily left the coast, and returned to Europe. The physician, Dr Tams, has since published a narrative of the transactions;* and to this, as affording glimpses of a region very little known, we would now direct attention.

After a voyage of ordinary weather, the flotilla, on the 10th of October, descried for the first time the painfully interesting coast of Africa; the vast district of Benguela, not the least interesting portion of that coast, lay before them. 'We were a little to the south of the town of Benguela, and had every reason to hope that we should reach it the same day. The sea along that coast is everywhere so deep, that the largest vessels may approach within a mile or two; and we were soon able clearly to distinguish the shore, with all its diversities of hill and dale, covered with trees and shrubs. The mountain-slopes, which run down close to the sea, were covered to the very summit with the most lovely verdure, and the intervening valleys were clad in smiling green. Here the graceful palm rears its lofty head above the umbrageous thickets; there those giants of the vegetable world, the mighty adansonia, and the grotesque cacti, tower proudly above the numerous dwarf plants at their feet. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on a luxuriance and beauty which formed a surprising contrast with my preconceived notions of Central Africa, which I had involuntarily associated with images of vast deserts and arid plains, and a vegetation parched and shrivelled by the scorching rays of the tropical sun. It is melancholy, indeed, that this beautiful coast is so scantily inhabited; but alas! its very advantages offer such facilities to the slave-hunters, that the persecuted children of the soil only traverse these lovely solitudes when commercial interests bring them from the interior to the coast. Instead of the smiling cot, the cultured plain, and a free and happy people, the lion, the panther, the elephant, and the hyena, troops of antelopes, zebras, and buffaloes, house in these vast districts.'

The region here referred to is that in which is situated the Portuguese presidios of Benguela, Novo Redondo, Loanda, and the free town of Ambriz—a region which has been, for more than two centuries, in the possession of Portugal, and which at this moment is more degraded, morally and physically, than before the missionaries of her church set foot upon the soil. The slave-trade, as we shall shortly see from Dr Tams's relation, is the curse that hangs over the land; a traffic to which agriculture, commerce, and every other consideration, indeed, is subordinate. It requires labour, and skill, and patience, to make wealth by ordinary commerce; hence this is abandoned for the speedier method of trading in human lives. Nor is the slave-trade of the present day the same as that which existed half a century ago. Then, the custom of every European nation rendered it somewhat *respectable*—noblemen, princes, and even ecclesiastics, did business in the slave mart; now, none but the scum of society would pollute their hands with such iniquity. The consequence is, that the Portuguese settlements in Lower Guinea are rapidly retrograding: harbours and forts are falling into decay; churches are priestless, and in ruins; and public works, commenced by the Jesuits of other times, are now densely matted with the vegetation of a tropical soil. To return, however, to Dr Tama's descriptions.

The harbour of Benguela, into which the vessels had now steered, is described as one of the best on the west coast of Africa; and the town, especially when viewed from the sea, presents a very pleasing appearance. 'It is situated in a charming valley, partially enclosed by the lower range of the lofty mountain-chain which rises from the coast. Numerous isolated roofs sparkle in the sun amid the rich vegetation, and produce the effect of neat country-houses, environed by flourishing gardens. The river Catumbella imparts to this mountain-valley such a high degree of fertility, that the manifold

* Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa. By G. Tams, M.D. Translated from the German, with an Introduction and Annotations, by H. Evans Lloyd, Esq. London: Newby. 1846.

variety of its luxuriant vegetation far exceeds all that the fancy of a European stranger can conceive. Tall cocoa-palms conceal the greater part of the town, and the eye perceives at first only the decayed walls of the fortifications, the government buildings, and a very few private houses. We cast anchor at a due distance from the coast; and a European custom-house officer, in a shabby uniform, immediately put off from the shore. He was rowed by four negroes, who were almost naked; and after coming on board, and paying us a short visit of inspection, he gave us permission to land as soon as we pleased.'

Having been carried from their boats on the backs of sturdy negroes, the party hastened to pay their respects to the governor, and were conducted to his *palace* by an escort consisting of a single native. And now for a peep at this representative of royalty, and his residence. 'The government palace is so excessively mean, both within and without, that it seems better adapted to shelter horses or cattle, than serve as the residence of the representative of a crowned head. My sensations on entering it were not unlike those which are experienced on going into the dungeon of an ancient knight's castle. An involuntary shudder came over me, and I looked around in perfect astonishment. The walls were very thick, and bore traces of having been once plastered, but were now dingy and defaced; the floor consisted of the bare earth; and the doors were so wretchedly hung, that they would only half close, or not at all; everything was disgustingly dirty; while the furniture, which was partly old-fashioned and partly modern, looked as if it had been collected at auctions from every quarter of the globe. We were duly announced by the orderly, and immediately admitted to an audience. The governor, who had formerly served in the Portuguese army, had been sent to this country for some misdemeanour, and was still separated from his wife and children, who lived in Loanda. His residence in Benguela, especially in the official situation which he held, afforded him more favourable opportunities for speedily acquiring great wealth than any other place on the coast of Angola; and he was not slow in availing himself of every advantage.'

The town which can boast of such a governor and such a palace, cannot be expected to present many attractions; and yet here it is, from the pencil of Dr Tams—not quite so forbidding as one would anticipate. 'The streets are straight, regular, and broad, but contain more ruined than inhabited houses. About five or six years since, a savage tribe, probably the Giagas, made an irruption into the town, which they plundered and destroyed, and having cruelly massacred all that came in their way, retreated with considerable booty. The town has a very pleasing and romantic appearance; some of the houses are very pretty, and though built only of clay and palm-branches, have nevertheless something of a European air. At the extremity of the town are many conical bee-hive shaped negro-huts, likewise composed of palm-leaves and rushes. Many a swart negro half-raised himself from the sand, and modest matrons and smiling damsels came to the cabin door, while curly-headed little urchins peeped slyly from among the bushes, to see the white stranger as he passed along.

'The dwellings of the Europeans always have two or three courtyards attached to them; these are surrounded by walls about ten feet high; and here the domestic slaves are kept. Several streets are formed by these unsightly walls running up on either side; and as the fronts of the houses face the other way, these back streets have of course a very dull appearance. Those, on the contrary, which are exclusively inhabited by negroes, are rendered both interesting and entertaining, partly by their social mode of living out of doors, and partly by the variety of goods and stores which they offer for sale.

'In the centre of the town are two large regular squares, but which have a very gloomy and desolate appearance, being surrounded by the walls of the courtyards, and a few European houses. Here there was a total want of animation, broken only by the clanking chains of the government slaves, the word of command, and the monotonous reverberation of their implements of labour. They were, for the most part, fastened five or six together, and were standing here and there with hoes in their hands to destroy the rank and noxious weeds, while a soldier, armed with a sabre, superintended them at their work.'

The population of Benguela is about 3000, one-third of whom consists of mulattoes and whites; the latter rarely exceeding 300. To these three or four hundred Europeans, the place, in its present condition, can present no attraction; it is the idea of making a fortune in a few years by the slave-trade that animates their existence. The climate is so excessively hot, that they can only move abroad for a short time during early morning; they cannot hunt or fish, for the surrounding country is a jungle, peopled with lions, hyenas, serpents, and crocodiles; they can enjoy nothing like civilised society, for their companions are heartless villains, like themselves, whose hearts are seared with the atrocities of the slave-trade. Their only pleasures—if the idea is permitted to be so degraded—are a bloated licentiousness, and the business of the slave-yard. 'These yards are generally about sixty feet square, and frequently contain from one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes. In the midst of this mass of human beings, it is very common to find swine and goats. For their protection, little sheds have been erected; while man is wantonly exposed by his fellow-man to the powerful influence of the dew, the rain, and the sun—

> "No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
> On earth no sheltering bower."

With heartless indifference, the Portuguese slave-merchant conducts the stranger into these courtyards—the warehouse where he keeps his human merchandise; but while the sight of this heart-sickening scene harrows up every generous feeling, it inspires him with no sensation but that of fiendish joy at the possession of so much wealth, just as the sordid miser gloats with delight over his accumulated hoards.'

Happily for the good fame of Europe, all the slave-dealers in Benguela are Portuguese, with the exception of two or three Italians; unhappily for Africa, their iniquitous trade is so flourishing, that in 1838 nearly 20,000 slaves were exported from Benguela alone; and within the last few years the number is rather on the increase, in spite of the vigilance of the British cruisers. Leaving, therefore, Benguela, which presents not a single civilised attraction—for Dr Tams could not find either a tailor, carpenter, smith, or mechanic within its environs—and passing by the smaller settlements of Novo Redondo and Mossamedes, let us look at Loanda, the chief of the Portuguese presidios.

When viewed from the sea, Loanda presents a very striking appearance. 'It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, rising from the base to the very summit of the mountainous terrace of the coast, which here comes down nearly to the water's edge. The general character of this prospect is said to bear some resemblance to that of Bahia, in the Brazils. The numerous houses built in the European style, many of which are very large, and roofed with red or blue tiles, the neatly-painted white or yellow walls, the pretty towers of the churches and of the hospital, the palace of the governor, situated at the highest part of the town, and the neighbouring fort, with its impenetrable walls, constructed of bricks and granite, greatly excite the surprise of the stranger, who fancies that he has before him a strongly-fortified town.

'Loanda is defended on the sea-side by three strong forts; but on the land-side it is quite exposed, being wholly unfortified. The harbour is deep and commodious, and being three and a half miles in length, will conveniently contain several hundred ships. It is

formed by an island which runs parallel with the coast, and in some measure protects it against the west winds; but as it rises only a few feet above the level of the sea, a high westerly gale often proves dangerous to the ships at anchor, and some of them are not unfrequently driven from their moorings. There are seldom many vessels in the harbour at a time. During the whole of our stay, I never saw more than twelve, five of which belonged to our own expedition. They seldom lie long at anchor, because here, as in Benguela, the exportation of slaves constitutes by far the greater part of the trade; and the vessels employed in this nefarious service are, of course, despatched by their owners resident in the town as speedily as possible.'

Loanda, though exhibiting little of the structural magnificence which characterised it about a century ago, is still a place of some note, and seems to have made a very favourable impression on our author. 'When I was in Benguela, I often heard mention of the splendid buildings of Loanda; but as all the houses in that town are very mean, I formed no great expectations of this city. I soon perceived, however, that I had been incorrect in my surmises; for instead of the wretched hovels which I had of late been accustomed to, I found almost all the houses in Loanda built of brick, and roofed with red or blue tiles. They are generally two storeys high, have no chimneys, and the exterior is painted white or yellow, which gives them a very fresh appearance. The courtyard, instead of being walled in, is surrounded by a high fence, and contains several small negro tents, and the kitchen belonging to the dwelling-house. Only the palace, and a few other government buildings, are furnished with glass windows; for the equable temperature of the climate renders them superfluous, and the shutters afford adequate protection against the sun and draughts of air.'

There are no lodging-houses in Loanda; and, being anxious to reside on shore during the stay of the flotilla, Dr Tams was indebted for such a privilege to the hospitality of the chief and only physician of the place. A glance at the interior of his host's house may interest our fair readers, but will not make them envious, we trust, of so much queenly ease and dignity. 'On entering the house of the physician, several young negresses were at hand to open the doors for us, and we ascended a fine stone staircase, which led from the spacious hall to the upper storey. We passed the study, which resembled a saloon in size, and then going through folding-doors, entered the large drawing-room, where the lady was reclining at the window in a Brazilian rocking-chair, and three or four young female slaves were seated on the ground near her, employed in needlework. The elegance of the apartment, the walls and floor of which were handsomely painted, the costly furniture, and the tasteful attire of the lady, gave an agreeable air of comfort and wealth to the whole. Two little slaves were sitting in a corner with a couple of pretty monkeys, which they held by a ribbon, waiting for a signal from their mistress to bring forward her little pets, with which she frequently played.

'The lady courteously rose to receive us, and extended her pretty hand for us to kiss. She was a native of Spain, and although she had resided here six years, the heat of the climate had been unable to extinguish the fire of her fine dark eyes. Her raven hair hung in two thick tresses over her shoulders, and when she smiled, she displayed a magnificent set of pearly teeth. The contour of her limbs had not, as is usually the case, suffered from the effects of the torrid zone, and her clear olive complexion, slightly tinged by the beams of the sun, was extremely interesting and expressive. Her little sempstresses were immediately dismissed to fetch water and Hollands, which proved highly acceptable after our morning's ramble.'

Under such a roof, and with such a hostess to do the duties of hospitality, one might consider Dr Tams a very fortunate man; and this he was, if spacious apartments, abundance of black servants, a well-ordered table, and other creature-comforts, could make him so; but the Donna Catarina was a bit of a tyrant, and the chastisement of her slaves was ever grating on the feelings of her guest. 'I had scarcely been in possession of my new lodgings for an hour, and was occupied in arranging my effects, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of stripes, repeated at regular intervals. I soon perceived that some person was undergoing corporal chastisement in the courtyard, and at once hastened to the lady of the house. I found her sitting as usual at the open window, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and the fine prospect of the harbour, while a young negress was busily engaged in needlework at her side. To my anxious inquiry respecting the loud beating which still continued, she replied smiling, that one of her needlewomen was receiving, by her orders, six dozen palmetadas (blows on the palm of the hand), because her stitches were badly made. My indignation and disgust being excited in the highest degree, Donna Catarina was induced to send the other girl to the courtyard, with orders that the punishment should be discontinued.

'She was so civil as to send immediately for the instrument with which the chastisement had been administered, assuring me at the same time that this punishment scarcely gave any pain, and was imposed by her only upon the youngest slaves, and for the most trivial fault! The instrument consisted of a piece of Guaja wood, nearly two feet in length; at one end of the round handle was a flat circle, about the size of a hand, perforated with holes, to deaden the sound while used in inflicting punishment. In spite of her assertions to the contrary, I had subsequently frequent opportunities of seeing the hands of the poor slaves much swollen and lacerated, nay, bleeding from the effects of this punishment, which is practised along the whole coast of Angola. To add to her cruelty, my hostess compelled the sufferers at once to return to their work. During my residence of seven weeks in her house, not a single day passed in which this stern Spanish woman did not cause this punishment to be inflicted several times; and the abhorrence which I repeatedly expressed, produced no other effect than that it was generally carried into execution during my absence.'

The daily routine of our author's life while resident in Loanda presented, on the whole, but little variety. There were no public places of amusement; and no excursions were made into the interior, for dread of catching fever, or being caught by wild animals. There was a dance, to be sure, given every Sunday evening by the governor, to which all the principal inhabitants were invited; and this, with an occasional crocodile hunt during the wet season, constituted the sum-total of their sports and amusement. There was no riding or caracoling, such as the British have in India; for there were only three or four horses in the town. Each family seemed wrapped up in itself, intent only on slaves, and barter, and money: to make their fortune, and be out of the country with all convenient speed, was the universal maxim.

'We rose,' says Dr Tams, 'about five o'clock in the morning, when the physician immediately went out and visited his patients; his wife inspected and directed her household; and I watched from the window the numerous caravans which generally arrived early in the morning, and which consisted of different tribes, distinguished by their various costumes and weapons. At eight o'clock we all assembled at breakfast, which generally consisted of baked calves' feet, the unripe pods of Cayenne pepper seethed in bouillon, or of boiled snails—some species of *purpura*. Strong wines, which are rendered necessary by the extreme heat, are indulged in without restraint: red Lisbon is first taken, and the glasses are constantly replenished by a little slave. Donna Catarina partook almost as freely as we did, and I could not help feeling surprised at the large quantity which the hot climate enabled even delicate women to take without any visible effects being produced. Imme-

diately after the substantial part of the meal, tea was handed round; but here, as elsewhere, it was served without milk, which, on the whole Portuguese coast, is considered poisonous, or at least dangerous. The pet monkey, which had been playing in the arms of his female attendant behind our chairs during breakfast, was then placed upon the table, to pick up the scattered crumbs, and play his antics for our diversion.

'After breakfast, we entered upon no active occupation, except perhaps some trifling business about the house. We looked through the telescope at the sea, or watched the flag hoisted on the fortification of San Miguel for the signal of a ship approaching the harbour; or our hostess amused herself with the chastisement of her slaves, who, as a matter of course, had invariably committed some fault; after this, each retired to rest, and did not rise again till noon; but I always occupied myself with visiting the several ships, which, however, were in a very healthy state.

'About twelve o'clock we again met at luncheon, which was comprised of English cheese and porter, and then lay down to sleep till four o'clock, when we commenced the real business of the day with a substantial dinner.

'Our house being celebrated for the excellent table kept by our host, we were seldom without visitors at this time; but although they gave some variety to the daily uniformity, I must confess that, from the circumscribed interest of each person, and the general want of education, our conversation could very seldom be termed instructive. The repast began by the hostess repeating the names of her guests at full length, and drinking their health, a courtesy which was of course responded to by all; and then followed a string of unmeaning speeches and flatteries, until the stock of compliments, in which the Portuguese language is so rich, was completely exhausted.

'This ceremony over, the cook was generally summoned, and informed whether his art had gained him praise or punishment; the latter of which, at all events, was never withheld. If the physician wished to sell any slaves, they were ordered in, and he selected this time for bargaining for them. Praise or blame was bestowed without reserve, while the poor wretch was passively awaiting the decision of his fate from the cold-blooded dealers, of whom it might with truth be said, that in their breasts beat

> "Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
> Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
> Sordid as earth, insensible as gold."

'The dessert always consisted of an ample selection of the finest fruits, especially cachew-nuts, oranges, and mangoes. A cup of indigenous coffee having been presented to each person after dinner, the company generally took advantage of the refreshing coolness of the evening to enjoy a short walk; after which, till one o'clock in the morning, the time was consumed in playing at cards!

'To the very last moment three or four of the youngest slaves sat on the ground in the adjoining apartment, waiting in case they should be summoned, and ever on the watch to pick up anything that might fall upon the floor. If the unhappy little things, from four to eight years of age, were unable to resist the influence of sleep, the application of the universal remedy was not delayed for a moment; and the last sound which was daily heard in that house was the wail of these poor young children, each of whom was indeed

> "A child of tears,
> Cradled in care and wo."'

Such is European life in the Portuguese settlements of Angola—a district abounding in almost every natural production, and which might, under judicious management, be made one of the finest fields for commercial enterprise. The natives, according to Dr Tams, are not the inferior race we generally regard them: they are naturally disposed to trade and barter; their country is rich in ivory, oil, wax, honey, fruits, spices, cotton, coffee, sugar-cane, metals, and minerals. But agriculture and commerce cannot flourish in conjunction with slavery; and we need not look for the development of these resources till the curse of the slave-trade be removed from the land.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO IV.

Gilaroo.—You seem in a bad humour: nothing unpleasant, I hope?

Stukely.—No great matter certainly; still one doesn't like to be cheated. A cabman has charged nearly double his fare, and rather than make a noise, I have paid his demand. These cabmen are the greatest rascals in existence. All a set of drunkards and extortioners. There is no satisfying them.

Gil.—As a class they have their failings, I admit; there are, however, decent men amongst them. Did you ever consider what can be the cause of their being what you would call a bad set?

Stuke.—There may be a dozen causes for anything I know. Nobody can tell much about cabmen—where they were born, or how they live. I never can bring myself to believe that they have houses to go home to at night; or that they take off their clothes and go to bed; and eat breakfasts and dinners; and pay tailors' bills; and fulfil all the other duties of Christians. They seem to me to live in their harness, like their poor hacks, and never quit the reins but to empty so many pints of porter. Porter is their meat and drink—bed, board, and washing. Each man of them is but an incarnation of Barclay and Perkins's entire, or Meux's double stout.

Gil.—That is really too bad. I must not permit you to run down the whole corps in this way. Why cabmen are unsteady, improvident, and not particularly conscientious, is imputed by many to a love of drink, which renders them poor and necessitous. But you may remember, in one of our conversations, that I mentioned intemperance as being only a secondary cause of bad behaviour. There is a cause beyond—something which causes the intemperance; and I believe that any remedy which stops short of this primary prompting cause will be likely to fail. One of the causes of so much intemperance and laxness of conduct among cabmen is irregularity of employment, with irregularity of payment. One day they will make a pound, and the next day perhaps only eighteenpence. For hours they will lounge about doing nothing, and then for hours they will be employed without intermission. You see this is a very scrambling, hap-hazard mode of existence; and it would require a far higher order of mind than these men possess to withstand the temptations to which they are exposed, or to act with consistent prudence and conscientiousness. The poor men are, in fact, to be pitied. Exposed to all weathers—the rain pelting mercilessly upon them—cold, wet, weary, sleepy, and hungry—only a few minutes probably to take any refreshment: with all this, can we wonder that they fly to beer and spirits for exhilaration, and become habitual tipplers? I for one don't think so.

Stuke.—I fancy this is what you call going back to first principles? But it's a downright apology for drunkenness and dishonesty, whatever you call it.

Gil.—Only viewing things charitably, along with a little reflection; that is the whole of it. I will mention a case pretty much in point, which I heard talked of the other day. A gentleman entertaining humane and considerate views, was some years ago appointed superintendent of a large manufactory in England. In this establishment he soon had occasion to observe that a certain number of the workmen were regular in attendance, steady, and economical; while the others were of contrary habits, unsteady, uneconomical, great

drinkers, and with families in wretchedness. This had been the case for a long course of years, and nobody about the works thought of inquiring into the cause of the phenomenon. The new superintendent was not one of those persons who never inquire into anything, and let the world go on in its own old way. As soon as he observed the curious difference I mention, he did not rest till he had discovered the cause of it. On inquiry, he found that all the steady men got a fixed or regular weekly wage, and that all the unsteady ones, though receiving a larger revenue in the aggregate, got it in lumps at irregular intervals, just as they happened to be employed on a particular kind of work. To know the cause of the evil, was to set about eradicating it. With the consent of the unsteady hands, he began the practice of paying them every week a certain fixed sum, whether they had earned it or not, carrying forward the balance, if any, to their credit; the accumulated balances to be paid quarterly. The effect of this arrangement, it is said, was marvellous. Very soon the unsteady became as steady as the other members of the establishment. Their wives and families were better dressed; their homes became comfortable; and by and by several of these men saved so much money as to be able to buy houses—actually became proprietors, and drew rents like other landlords. Nor were they ungrateful to the person who had thus put them in the way of well-doing. They looked upon him as a general benefactor. A few years ago, when visiting the place, and calling on one of the parties, both husband and wife looked round their cheerful dwelling, and said to him, '*All this we owe to you.*'

Stuke.—What has all this to do with cabmen?

Gil.—You surely see that the good behaviour of these reclaimed workmen was owing to a change from greatly irregular to regular wages? Irregularity of payment for labour is one of the greatest social evils. All classes, high and low, who are exposed to it, feel its demoralising effects. Actors, musicians, painters, authors by profession—all who cannot reckon on something like a regular income, are unhappily situated, and exposed to many temptations and misfortunes. Their life is a sort of gambling—sometimes a run of luck, sometimes nothing.

Stuke.—Well, but you are talking of what often cannot be helped. Who's to pay cabmen twenty shillings a-week, dead certain, and take the risk of the balances? I'll tell you what it is; this kindness-system may do with some, but not with all. I don't believe anything would do for cabmen but being pulled up by his worship the police magistrate.

Gil.—I by no means undervalue the efficacy of magisterial interference. I only wish that the authorities who have to do with cabs and hackney-coaches would proceed a little more considerately. The cabmen in Paris and some other continental towns are under such strict regulations, that they have not the same power of cheating as their brethren in London. But, unhappily, it is not the practice in Great Britain to take a lesson from foreign usages. A good plan may be working for a century in Paris before an Englishman would copy it. It is only by sheer experience, and all kinds of wrangling, that anything is ever put to rights in this country, although the knowledge of something better may be propagated in the works of a hundred travellers.

Stuke.—I cannot say as to that; my principle of government is severity—severe chastisement for all varieties of evil-doers.

Gil.—Of course you believe what you say to be right; but can you prove it?

Stuke.—What kind of proof would you have? Has it not been the practice, since the beginning of the world, to punish every crime according to its deserts? Hang this one, imprison that one, and so on. There is Scriptural authority for it all. 'He that spareth the rod,' &c. Where could we find anything stronger than that?

Gil.—I am not going into any argument about the antiquity of severe punishments. I give that up with all my heart. What I want is the proof that the severe is the right way of going to work—the plan most expedient. It will not do to tell me, for example, that hanging is right because it is of great antiquity. I must have evidence that it is just in principle, and the most expedient as respects the prevention of crime.

Stuke.—All the evidence I can give you is, that, by our present system of punishments, crime is powerfully kept in check. Were it not for fear of the gallows, there would be no safety for life or property. Everybody knows that.

Gil.—That is only mere assertion. I ask you for a proof of a fact, and you answer by telling me that there is something which everybody knows. With all deference, that is no reasoning at all. If you had said, I can produce a hundred persons who declare they would commit crime were it not for fear of being hanged, that would be a piece of evidence; and I would be inclined to say that there was much force in your argument.

Stuke.—One must take a good many things on trust. I have always thought, and I believe so do most persons, that executions have a very salutary effect; very much so indeed.

Gil.—You then, in reality, confess to a prejudice—make up your mind to believe in a thing without previously looking into evidence; which, however, does not surprise me, for not one man in fifty ever examines into the truth of anything. And so people go on taking things for granted, generation after generation.

Stuke.—But how am I to examine into these affairs? I cannot be expected to spend a lifetime in hunting up statistics, or hearing the confessions of felons. I must act on general impressions; and what more likely, than that the fear of punishment is a powerful preventive of crime?

Gil.—Likely enough so far, but not to the extent you suppose. At one time a great many crimes were punishable with death. Humanity at length revolted against this severity. Punishments of a milder nature were substituted; and, to the surprise of many individuals, the crimes so treated did not increase—they decreased. As long as forgery was punishable with death, forgery was common; ever since it has been punished with imprisonment or transportation, it has been very little heard of. It used to be said, 'This is a commercial country, and unless we hang all and sundry who are found guilty of forgery, there will be a terrible state of things.' Such was the sort of argument employed during the last century, when kings would remit the punishment of highwaymen, but never that of forgers. And behold! we have lived to discover that they were all in a mistake.

Stuke.—Still, I should think that capital punishments must have a good effect in the way of warning?

Gil.—This is now also very much doubted. It is believed that the spectacle of executions has, on the whole, a demoralising effect. It satisfies only mean and despicable feelings; never intimidates from crime, nor stimulates to virtue. So little is its value as an example, that robberies are common in the crowd collected at executions: pockets are picked beneath the gallows. If capital punishments are to continue, I should certainly prefer that they took place within the courtyards of prisons, in presence of the authorities, instead of the open street. The public should not be accustomed to see a dog strangled, let alone a human being.

Stuke.—Supposing we got rid of capital punishments, would you propose to immure criminals in dungeons for life, or at least for a term of years?

Gil.—It would not be difficult, I daresay, to devise some efficient, yet humane kind of imprisonment; and I think we are at present advancing towards correct views on this important question. In few things, indeed, has society advanced so far. Among other notions of our ancestors, there was a belief that if the prisons were rendered very miserable, they would terrify the populace into good conduct. An old act of parliament, providing for the sustenance of felons, begins with the

words—'Whereas many prisoners, having no means of subsistence, have died of hunger;' from which we learn that death from starvation was not uncommon in former times. It was also an admitted principle, that prisons should be kept dirty and uncomfortable, the more to terrify evil-doers: in Scotland, this quality in jails was recognised in jurisprudence as the *squalor carceris*. All this oppression, however, did no good. The prisons were always full, notwithstanding their dirtiness and the privations they inflicted. It was only taking a mean revenge on the unfortunate.

Stuke.—You talk of criminals under the term *unfortunate*. That, I think, is a loose, though not an uncommon way of speaking of felons. I want to know what makes these men unfortunate—their own evil passions to be sure. It is their own blame being criminals. They set aside all advice that is given to them; persist in going on to destruction: and yet they are called unfortunate, as if their being criminals had arisen from an accident over which they possessed no control.

Gil.—You do not seem to be aware that crime often proceeds from dispositions which may be considered as the result of something in the mind equivalent to malformation or disease; often, again, it results from the merely casual misdirection of a mind left free of proper guidance, or exposed to unusual temptations. The great bulk of crimes, especially those against property, take place in early youth, and amongst the ignorant and miserable classes. Generally speaking, such a culprit can scarcely be held responsible as a free agent. Crime and its consequences are his social destiny. He may have been told that he incurs the risk of punishment; but he either acts under an incontrollable impulse, or has not been enabled to see the just relation between offence and its penalty.

Stuke.—That is making out criminals to be little better than idiots; whereas they are the sharpest people in existence.

Gil.—Sharp in those faculties which they employ in committing crime, but dull, if not defective, in others. A man may be a clever pickpocket, and yet a monstrous blockhead—so sharp in overreaching, that he overreaches himself. Take the mass of criminals, and they will be found to be the victims of some wrong impulse in youth. For this they were punished in some vengeful kind of way: turned out of prison with a bad character, nobody would employ them: again they committed a crime for the sake of subsistence: and so on they went, society all the time calling them blackguards—never pitying or trying to reclaim them: at length they are huddled out of the way, if not to the gallows, at least to Van Diemen's Land. And thus is Britain emptying her prisons on one of the finest islands of the Australasian seas—rendering it a land of crime, wretchedness, and horror, from which all good men will fly as from a pestilence. The whole system is carried on in violation of reason.

Stuke.—Perhaps so; but reason, in the abstract, is often not workable with advantage in human affairs. Mankind have many foolish notions. You allow that criminals have not self-command—are a kind of half lunatics? Should we not, then, meet this state of things with reproof or punishment suitable to visionaries? Although a humiliating confession, I must say I do not entertain a high opinion of human reason. You know what D'Israeli has said on the subject?

Gil.—No.

Stuke.—I shall read the passage from one of his late works. 'We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders: it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.' That is what he says; and is it not true? He might have added, it is not reason that makes hundreds of millions of men worshippers of Budh, or believers in Mahomet; nor is it reason that guides our own countrymen in the greater number of their actions: it is their passions, their imagination, their avarice.

Gil.—All vastly fine; one of D'Israeli's specious pieces of clap-trap, which wont stand handling. It is undeniable that the passions have caused great social movements; but I protest against the inference, that reason is on that account weak or valueless. In all advanced conditions of society, reason has been and is the guiding principle. It was reason that discovered the compass, the quadrant, and the telescope—instruments which have made us acquainted with the surface of our own planet, and disclosed to our wondering eyes worlds in the firmament. It was reason that discovered the art of printing, which has already performed marvels, but is still only in its infancy. What has promoted the cultivation of science—what has given us the steam-engine, the locomotive, and the whole of our magnificent machinery? Reason has done it all: and is not reason, in union with the best feelings of our nature, the source of all our truest happiness? It is no doubt lamentable that truth should make its way so slowly as to be outstripped by visionary fanaticism—that Mormon should count more votaries than any philosopher amongst us. But while the dream of the visionary subsides, truth strengthens. Seventy years ago, a gentleman, living obscurely in the small town of Kirkcaldy, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, propounded an idea. Nobody at first cared for it, or believed it. The world was thinking about something else. But the idea was founded in truth, and a truth uttered in the ear of the world is imperishable. Now advancing, now pushed back, then advancing again, this truth has finally, after a struggle of seventy years, made its way into the halls of princes, and rings in the assemblies of legislators. What a triumph for the once disregarded and often discouraged idea of the obscure gentleman in his little parlour overlooking the sands of Kirkcaldy!

Stuke.—Why—what—what is the idea you allude to? Who was the obscure gentleman?

Gil.—The obscure gentleman was Adam Smith. The idea was the principle of Free Trade.—Good-night.

SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22d of May 1841, one of the battalions composing part of the military colony recently established by the Russian government at Novgorod, and which, in the singularity of its organisation, resembles the Prussian landwehr, was drawn up in line on the parade-ground attached to the immense barracks constructed a few years since on the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of Saint Sophia. In front of the line, formed with that mechanical regularity and precision which have made the Russian foot-soldiers such admirable automatons, strode General L—eff. He was a man fifty years of age, remarkable for his rigid deportment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and his large gray restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—daring proofs of which he had given during the campaigns in Persia and Turkey. But whether, as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of souring a temper naturally energetic, or that his heart had been hardened by the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of a discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General L—eff was looked on as an object of terror by the soldiers; for not a day passed unsignalised by one or more of those acts of severity which might justly undergo the imputation of ferocity. It was known, however, that this man had an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient comrades,

killed in the late war with Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he evinced for the young orphan, and they were seldom separate. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl—to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiva,* from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances—could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance, and cold and distant manners, imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiva, who, to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barrack windows on a level with the parade-ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon named Ivan Polovoï, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L—eff had passed several times before the front of the battalion without speaking; but his bushy eyebrows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at this moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an abominable punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order had emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it, exclaiming, 'Yourself!'

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion, and the usually immoveable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and a bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the goodwill of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as a guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, 'Whether the Nightingale sings or not, remain quiet: not a gesture nor a cry, or you are a dead man!'

Recovering from his surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion—'Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon—your heads in the dust, or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!'

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter, and the sergeant, with that peculiar tranquillity which distinguishes unshaken resolution, retorted—'We each and all of us know that our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff, governor of Novgorod; we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body, and say to him, "General L—eff was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms; we look for our punishment!"' The sergeant, while speaking, tore the epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. 'These insignia don't become you; the knout is fitter for an executioner. Remember the soldier Betsakoff, flogged with rods for having been too slow in carrying arms; remember the old *sans-officier* whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from his forehead, his cheeks, and his lips; and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repulsed the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned, flogged, and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia.' The sergeant continued with a terrible coolness this degrading scene, dragging off the general's belt and coat, and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness, L—eff shuddered while he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured even in its passion. As for Solowoiva, she sat for some time without being able to comprehend the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her, that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter, could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exasperation of the soldiers, he advanced towards her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired, and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

There is in most Russian regiments a kind of buffoon, who fills a situation somewhat resembling that held in the ancient German armies, to whom the soldiers applied the significant appellation of *Lustig*. One of these men, attached to the battalion, seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, dancing and gesticulating, and, raising it in his robust arms, carried it towards where Solowoiva still sat, and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed—'Here, my little singing bird, this is yours.' Pale with terror, the girl recognised the body as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sunk by its side.

While this scene was being enacted, General L—eff had been laid on a car, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes*—a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, 'Take him to the ovens!'

The general, whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and, too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

'To the ovens!' shouted a hundred voices.

The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror: his pride had fled, and, groaning in agony, he asked for pardon. But the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim, said in a stern tone—'I also besought pity when my brother fell expiring under the baguettes.'

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately but too true. Suffice it to say, that the general and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly the execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance.

A mounted jager carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted in Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major-general, who, during the late war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the 'Butcher of Warsaw.'

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the mutineers, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade-ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*karacho*). The following day they dressed themselves, and arranged their mustaches, as if preparing for a simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their

* Nightingale.

ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into square. At the same moment the drums beat, the belfries of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several batteries established at the entrances of the five long avenues leading into the field were suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination. Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning, mingled with the interrupted songs of some of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioners of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among this latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiva, the adopted daughter of General L—eff, was taken under the protection of the empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at Smolnoï.

It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not exaggerated in any respect. We present them as described by a respectable correspondent of a French newspaper, who mentions that he was an eye-witness of the scenes to which he alludes. From what is being daily disclosed of the savage character of Russian institutions, there seems no reason to doubt their accuracy.

THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT HUNTING.

Major Rogers had capital sport with a herd of these animals. His four guns had all been discharged, when an unseen elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for one hundred yards the major kept just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of, by springing up into the branches (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion). One foot higher, and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long; for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. (Heaven save us from such a boot-jack!) The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant, finding himself baulked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept its expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the *tapyal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree.—*Sporting Magazine.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building St Paul's cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—Whereas among labourers and others that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently found, to the dishonour of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer who comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly; and that if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the commissioners.

TO A WINTER-BLOOMING WILD FLOWER.

Lone dweller in this bleak and barren spot,
That finds no shelter from the leafless tree,
Though very desolate may be thy lot,
Almost I wish that I resembled thee.

Not in thy beauty, flowret azure-hued!
Nor in thy faint, wind-wasted fragrancy—
Nor in the stillness of thy solitude—
My heart, companionless, would broken be.

But I, like thee, upspringing from the sod,
Would lift, through storms, a cheerful eye to Heaven,
Trusting the bounteous hand of Nature's God
Sunshine and storm for equal good hath given.

And though thy wintry doom may seem severe,
Uncheered by song of birds or kindred flower,
I do believe thou dost not blossom here
But by the will of that Almighty Power,
Who makes thy fragile bloom an instrument
To teach a proud and murmuring heart content.

H. C. Caddick.

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

So various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some, and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water-hemlock to the goat; the cow gives up the long-leaved water-hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monk's-hood to the horse, &c.; for that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, that is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves for the want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass; by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days, and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.—*Stillingfleet.*

GOLD-PRINTED MUSLINS.

Among the numerous successes of the year 1845 in decorative art, we must notice a very beautiful muslin fabric, for curtains, printed in gold by a galvanic process, and patented by Messrs Vallé and Company of Manchester. This new system of gold-printing is intended to supersede the more expensive mode of embroidering fabrics with gold and silver for window-curtains and other drapery. It is peculiarly adapted for long drawing-room curtains. The designs are chaste and classical; the brilliancy of the gold-printing is rather heightened than impaired by washing, so that the fabric is as economical as it is elegant.—*Year-Book of Facts.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A reader points out that the short paper entitled 'The Gauger's Run,' which appeared in No. 109, is copied, with slight differences of language, from *Sketches in Ireland* (Dublin: Curry and Co. 1839), without acknowledgment. On investigation, we find this to be the case. We can only say that we received the article in manuscript from a contributor—one apparently occupying a respectable station in life—and paid for it as original. It must be regretted that there should be persons who, in ignorance or from bad design, can thus mislead the editors of periodical works. We sincerely regret the circumstance, mainly because it is a violation of literary justice; and in a less degree, but still poignantly, because it tends to lessen the confidence of our readers in the originality of the mass of matter which we weekly present as new.

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